

## Demon Boars and Bodily Threats: A Guide to Realising You're an Uncle

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# Demon Boars and Bodily Threats: A Guide to Realising You're an Uncle

by [Jinko](#)

## Summary

Of course, his fucking stupid brother's fucking stupid husband raised their stupid fucking son to be a self-sacrificing fucking stupid idiot.

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or: Lan SiZhui is hurt during a night hunt. Jiang WanYin is mightily concerned and comes to a startling realisation.

## Notes

I filled my own prompt:

I need a fic where jiang cheng threatens to break lan sizhui's legs after he does something a little reckless, a little self-sacrifice-y, in a night hunt, and lsz just beams at him because he knows that means he's in the jiang-cheng's-nephew club.

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violence tag comes from lsz kicking arse (and getting his arse kicked) in a battle against a demon. longest title I ever did use.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Jiang WanYin was *pissed*.

It was supposed to be a simple hunt in celebration of Jin Ling's -- rather, Jin RuLan, as he was beginning to go by in his older teens -- birthday and the Lan boys were supposed to be better than that.

And yet, some-fucking-how, Lan SiZhui had gone missing.

Just hours before, some thousand monsters and ghouls and ghosts had been released on to the mountain (thanks to Wei WuXian, the Pied Piper of the Dead and the Dastardly). Just minutes into the hunt, the Lan Clan received word that there were campers on the mountain who'd either disregarded (the fucking idiots) or didn't see (the blind fucking idiots) the warning signs Jin Clan had put up a week before the hunt was due to start, and had headed up to a waterfall for a romantic night out.

Despite what Wei WuXian and his bland husband would tell you, romance was not worth that kind of trouble. It certainly wasn't worth being torn to shreds by a boar demon. Jiang WanYin could hardly think of worse ways to die.

And imagine he did, when he found out that Lan SiZhui had lead his troupe off the beaten path when he'd heard what sounded like a human cry for help, only to be attacked by a fucking boar demon that dragged him away after he jumped in front of an attack meant for a somehow dumber disciple (Jiang WanYin had been (almost pleasantly?) surprised to learn that it wasn't Lan JingYi).

Jiang WanYin was *fucking pissed*.

Of course, his fucking stupid brother's fucking stupid husband raised their stupid fucking son to be a self-sacrificing fucking stupid idiot.

He was gonna kill the kid himself when they found him.

Naturally, the aforementioned idiot husband was worried. It wasn't a thing he could see on Lan WangJi's face, but he knew the stoic asshole was worried for his boy.

Jiang WanYin hadn't had the time to be worried.

They had to find Wei WuXian.

He could control demons. Everyone knew that. A few toots on that flute of his and that demon would bring back Lan SiZhui to them with its tail between its legs, depositing him on a bed of soft lotus petals if that's what Wei WuXian asked of it.

But Wei WuXian was missing, too.

"*It'd be more fun,*" he'd said at the beginning of the hunt as he separated from both the Yunmeng and Gusu groups to go off on his own. "*It's, apparently, cheating if I get involved,*

*and I brought them all here in the first place. You know I can just direct them wherever I want them."*

The little bastard even twirled Chenqing when he'd said it.

He'd given Lan WangJi a kiss on the cheek and wished him luck before he disappeared. The fluffle of junior disciples behind him was used to such displays, it seemed. None of them gaged the way Jiang WanYin had.

Jiang WanYin had huffed and taken his own disciples a different path. He had a new batch at Lotus Pier, all of which seemed promising, but it he still didn't have the numbers to bring in two different groups to the hunt the way the Jins and the Lans did.

Lan WangJi headed the newest bunch while his dumbarse son headed the other.

It was Lan JingYi who signalled them down and explained what had happened.

When both Lan WangJi and Jiang WanYin started to head in the direction of the last sighting of Lan SiZhui and the demon boar, Jiang WanYin cut his brother-in-law off.

"You go find Wei WuXian. He can make the demon do whatever he wants."

And surprise of surprises, Lan WangJi had an emotion. Jiang WanYin hadn't thought he'd ever see one.

It looked, for the briefest of moments, like he was torn. Jiang WanYin supposed Lan WangJi's brain and heart were getting in a tussle, fighting over what was the right thing to do. Chase after his kid or get the one person who could ensure said kid was returned to him without any further scrapes (or life-threatening injuries).

The brain must've won. Lan WangJi nodded at him once and took off in the opposite direction, somehow honing in on his husband like a hunter after prey.

Oh, Jiang WanYin didn't want to think about that. He had heard far too many stories and seen an obscene amount of mouth-shaped bruises

Instead, he followed Lan JingYi's lead, alongside Jin Ling.

His heart sunk when they came upon a clearing.

It wasn't a natural clearing; it was destruction. Trees had been felled, bushes had been torn up from their roots. The air was thick with blood, as was a once-white and pristine sash.

On closer inspection, it was a sleeve that had been torn and shredded.

Lan SiZhui's guqin wasn't too far away. The strings had all been snapped. Lan JingYi picked it up and held it reverently. That guqin was treasured by Lan SiZhui -- it wasn't something he'd willingly leave behind.

Fucking fuck.

That told Jiang WanYin that the boy had been dragged deeper into the forest.

He found the tracks the demon had left (he tried to not focus on the obvious signs of struggle, but felt a sense of pride he hadn't expected when it looked like Lan SiZhui hadn't given up) and followed those.

And thank fuck, by the time they reached the pair, Lan SiZhui was still standing.

But it wasn't something he was doing easily.

His robes were once again Wen-red with blood. His left arm was limp by his side; his right used his sword, tip down to the ground, to hold himself up with. His knees barely held him up.

The demon boar, Jiang WanYin noticed with another surprising wave of pride, was bloodied, too. A tusk had been chopped off, an eye gouged out. One leg bent the wrong way, there were long cuts along its back. The tail, that Jiang WanYin assumed was once curled, was nothing more than a stump.

And when it reared after being struck with the Zidian, Jiang WanYin could see that the tusk had been used to pierce its underside.

At the sight of his saviours, Lan SiZhui collapsed. He was too exhausted and had lost too much blood. It was Lan JingYi who ran to him while Jiang WanYin and Jin Ling advanced on the demon boar.

They got a couple of blows in when the sound of a flute had the demon stepping back.

Jiang WanYin had to roll his eyes. Of course his useless brother would swoop down at the perfect moment and act like the hero.

He and his boring husband descended on Bichen, him still tooting away to make the demon boar shuffle back further and further.

He kept the boar still once they'd landed; it even lowered its head to allow Lan WangJi to deal the killing blow while Wei WuXian dashed to his son.

Lan SiZhui was pale. He was frail and instantly slumped into Wei WuXian's arms once he started to transfer spiritual energy into the boy, and Jiang WanYin exploded.

"You *idiot!*" he accused, quite loudly, and much to the surprise to everyone there. "You self-sacrificing fool!" He pointed, then, at Lan WangJi. "If he'd been raised by Wei WuXian, I could understand, but you should have taught him better than that."

"Jiang Cheng..." Wei WuXian started, but he just advanced.

"Do you have any idea what could have happened? You could have died, you *fucking tit*. If you *ever* even so much as think of doing something that stupid ever again, I will break both of your fucking legs, do you hear me?"

And, for some reason, Lan SiZhui smiled up at him weakly, while tears sprung to Wei WuXian's eyes.

“Oh, what the fuck? That's not how you're supposed to react to having someone threaten bodily harm.” He turned to Lan WangJi, who also seemed a little happier than normal. Not that Jiang WanYin could really tell. “What's wrong with him? What's wrong with all three of you?”

Wei WuXian actually smiled wider, held Lan SiZhui a little tighter.

“Thank you, Shushu,” Lan SiZhui said softly and Jiang WanYin paused.

He felt a stirring in his stomach.

Or was it perhaps higher?

One look at Jin Ling told him all he needed to know.

Fucking hell, that kid was his nephew.

And he'd just exclaimed it in front of the rest of their tiny family.

Jiang WanYin was pissed.

But also, strangely, at the same time, content.

## End Notes

if I could write in jwy's pov all day every day, I'd be a very happy lady.

I'm on tumblr as jinkohhh

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